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February 15, 1966 - Tuesday

I have been waiting for some days to approach our Doyen, the Swedish Ambassador, on the subject suggested by members of our Political Section, after talks with British Foreign Office officials, of bringing about meetings between younger men and women in the Diplomatic Corps. The idea would be to have a Junior Diplomats Club. This, however, seems impracticable, because of the expense involved. It is thought a series of functions to be paid for on an ad hoc basis might at least serve to increase friendships and acquaintanceships amongst

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this group. I brought this question up with Haggloff during his visit to me this morning which he had made for another purpose. He was attracted by the idea, and has promised to reflect upon it.

He told me his Government had offered to nominate him as successor to the retiring Danish Secretary-General of OECD. I sent George Ball this telegram about my conversation:

[redacted]

We had a lunch today for Mollie and Rab Butler. The others were Derek Hill (artist), Miss van den Bergh (young Hollander), Diana Phipps, Ernestine Carter (writer), Mr. Morton (a young Kentuckian, nephew of Thruston Morton, who has just started work in a London architectural firm), and Father Dominic de Grunne.

We had an excellent magnum of 1955 Lynch-Bages.

Rab was in good form, and pronounced himself delighted with his life as Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He has begun to make speeches in the House of Lords. He thinks the Prime Minister would be extremely foolish not to call an early election, which he is almost sure of winning. Later in the year, if anything goes wrong in Rhodesia, or there is a deterioration in the economic and financial situation, his chances would not be as good. He does not think sanctions will bring down the Rhodesian Government within any short period of time, but are likely to solidify white sentiment there in favor of Smith. He thought Smith had been singularly stupid in declaring UDI, instead of demanding from Great Britain large grants for educational facilities designed to equip the black residents for eventual voting privileges.

E and I went tonight to the Royal Box at Albert Hall, as guests of Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, for the Danny Kaye concert. Since Danny Kaye cannot read music, the manner in which he conducts an orchestra is, to say the least, unorthodox.

[redacted] Kaye has an ingratiating personality. He danced on the conductor's stand, threw batons around, conducted one number about bumblebees with a fly swatter, jumped down from the platform into the pit, ran around the aisles, cracked jokes, paid tribute to the merits of the musicians for whom this benefit was held, and enchanted the 7,000 people present. It was a memorable evening, for I doubt the Albert Hall had ever before been the scene of so much hilarity.

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